

11 and 16 : 24 and 17 : 13 and I Pet. 1 : 8.

"God is love." Christianity is God in the flesh. Christian experience is the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the children of God. He that lacketh these things is blind. I John 4: 7, 8, 16. John 1: 14. Gal. 2: 20. Rom. 8: 16. II Pet. 1: 9.

Faith in Christ makes him ours by a veritable incarnation:—the life, our righteousness, our peace, our hope, our joy unspeakable and full of glory." Let nothing less than this satisfy you. God Almighty is your surety for its complete fulfillment forever and ever. To this pledge Christ has given his signature in blood, and eternity will verify Heb. 6: 18 and 7: 25.

Union Deposit, Pa.

SUPERFICIAL PEOPLE

C. H. WETHERBE

While it is true that some people cannot be other than superficial in their character and intelligence, yet there are others who need not be so superficial as they are. They are not willing to make the requisite efforts to get out of their superficiality and become deeper in mental capacity and execution. Some of them desire to appear to be observant, cultivated and capable, but while making a parade of their supposed achievements they are quite apt to expose a ludicrous shallowness. Dr. Banks tells the following story: "A woman from the west, visiting Boston for the first time was describing to a friend, on her return, her experiences. 'I had my greatest thrill,' she said, 'down at Copps' Hill burying ground.' 'Yes, that's just the place for historic emotions,' commented her companion. 'As soon as my sister-in-law and I got into the place,' said the recent traveler, 'I found myself almost stepping upon a grave, with an inscription on a queer little iron-cover sort of tomb. I jumped back, feeling the way you do when you step on a grave, and saw the inscription—just three initials, no name or date. Isn't it pathetic? I said to my sister-in-law, 'Oh, I don't know,' she answered, 'B. W. W. means Boston Water Works.' The thrills of a great many people run no deeper than that. They live on the surface." Yes, and the worst of it is, they are contented to stay on the surface. That woman's amusing mistake was not half so bad as are the blunders of a large number of professed Christians who will tell us that Paul and Peter were Old Testament prophets. Alas, there are very many Christians whose spiritual roots run along on the thinnest sort of surface. Poor babies!

He who attempts to show his learning to the ignorant generally exposes his ignorance to the learned.—Anon.

Home Circle

"She Always Made Home Happy"

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
Weather-marked and stained;
The hand of time had crumbled it,
So only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace,
"In memory of our mother."
"She always made home happy!" this
Was chiseled on the other.
I gazed on monuments of fame,
High tow'ring to the skies;
I saw the sculptured marble stone
Where a great hero lies:
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy!" What
A noble record left!
A legacy of mem'ries sweet
To those whom death bereft.
What testimony to her worth
By those who knew her best;
Engraven on this crumbling stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was a narrow resting place
Among the humble poor,
But they had seen their mother toil
And patiently endure.
They marked her willing sacrifice
As one by one, she bore
Her crosslike burdens up the hill,
Till all her toil was o'er.

So when God stilled her weary heart,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She always made so bright,
Her children reared a monument
That riches could not buy,
The witness of a noble life,
Whose record is on high.

—Christian Intelligencer.

Children's Attendance at the Sanctuary Services

Parents and pastors will find helpful suggestions in the following from the *Sunday School Times*:

Ought children to attend the preaching services of the sanctuary? Many think that they should, and possibly this is so. If, indeed, it is the duty of children to attend these services, the preacher who conducts them has a corresponding duty to adapt the services to the children's comprehension. If, however, the preacher conscientiously refrains from providing for the children in services of the sanctuary which he conducts, the children can conscientiously refrain from attending on services where they are deliberately ignored. This principle is not always recognized, even by pastors who claim that children should be in attendance on services which they conduct. One Sunday, a pastor, on his way to a church where he was to preach that morning, met a large number of children coming away from the sanctuary, where the Sunday-school session had already been held. He spoke of this as a lamentable sight. Yet the few children who did stop to the second service, as well as the older persons, found that the minister's entire sermon, that forenoon, was above the comprehension of children. That minister thought that the

children had a duty to be present at the service which he conducted, but that he had no duty toward those children who did attend. It would indeed be a grievous wrong to children to insist on their attendance at services where they had no part or recognition, and where they were thereby trained to listlessness or inattention. Whenever there is a sanctuary service which children ought to attend, there is a sanctuary service in which children ought to be recognized and provided for. Duty on the one side makes a corresponding duty on the other.

Why She Trusted Him

Junior Endeavor World.

The lady of the house was standing in the vestibule, casting an anxious eye down the street.

"Are there no boys in sight?" asked a voice from within.

"Yes, plenty of boys on the street, but you know how particular I am about Pet. I should like to be sure that the boy who rides her will not be rough with her."

Just then a sturdy young fellow of ten came whizzing by on a bicycle. It was not his own, but one that its owner was generous enough to lend to the boys who had none, and he was taking his turn while the other boys lay on the grass and played jackstones, wishing as he rode along, "My! if I only had a wheel for my trip to the farm!"

Just then he suddenly straightened himself up.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" rang out the bell of the bicycle sharply, and as he slowed up the other boys half rose and looked wonderingly. They could see nothing to ring for.

"What was it, Dick?" they demanded.

"O, nothing but a sparrow. I was afraid I'd run over it; the little thing stood so still right in front of the wheel."

"Ho, ho! Rings his bell for a sparrow!" sneered the other boys as Dick dismounted.

"Mamma's itty, witty baby."

"I don't care how much you make fun of me," he replied, good-naturedly, yet not without a red flush on his brow. "I guess I wouldn't run over a sparrow, even, when I could help it by ringing or stopping."

"Come here, please, Dick," called a voice from the doorstep of one of the handsomest houses on the avenue. "You are the very boy I want to drive a pony to the country and back. It is out the Darlington Boulevard. Would you like to go?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," quickly answered Dick. "I have an errand out there, and was just dreading the walk."

"Then I am glad you may ride. I was wondering if I could trust one of those boys to be kind to Pet, when I overheard about the sparrow. That made me willing to trust you."

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt.—Bishop Hall.